STUDENT LANTERN

February, 1915

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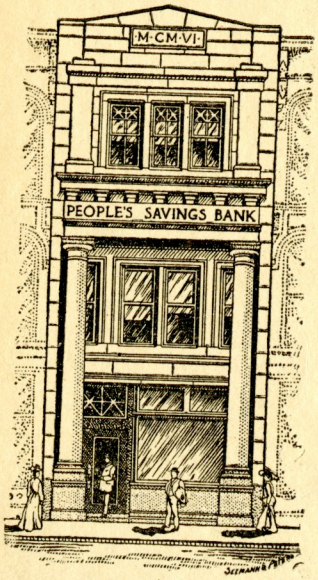

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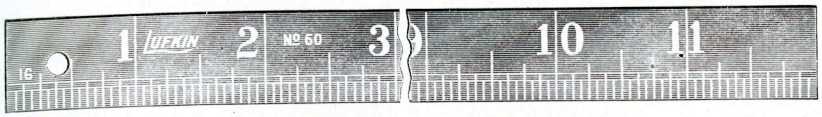

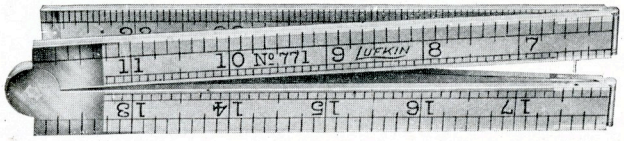

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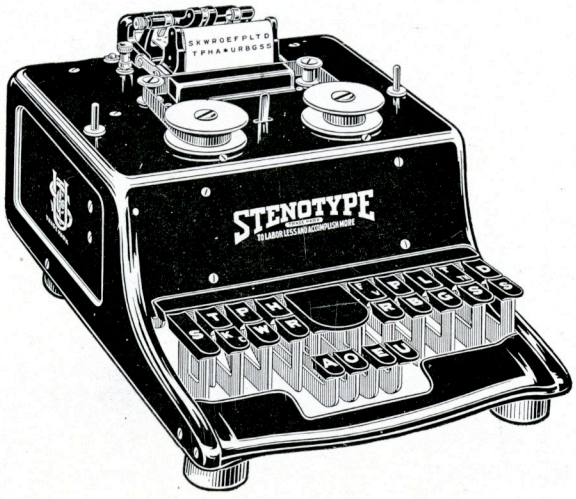

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Student Lantern

Vol. IX. FEBRUARY, MCMXIV No. 5

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JIM HARRIS.

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STUDENT LANTERN

Vol. IX FEBRUARY, 1915 No. 5

X-QQS-ME

BILLY WILLIAMS was peeved. As he sat in his room wondering whether a flunk in Physics was or was not preferable to one in "Math," his whole being rebelled against the cruel fate which kept him cramming while the "bunch" were busily engaged in the solemn duty of wearing down the gym floor. Not that Billy was any nearer to his downfall than his fraternity brothers, a gleeful indifference to the requirements of the curriculum was imperative among the "Takka Sips," but horror of horrors! Billy's girl had deserted him and had gone to the party with a member of the despised "Pulla Korks." So there was nothing for Billy to do but cram for the exam. which he dimly realized took place on the morrow.

As he sat, now in stolid silence, now with muttered imprecations against everything in general and girls and exams. in particular, he could almost hear the music of the orchestra a scant half mile away. Suddenly he jumped up, threw an Algebra into one corner of the room with an air of joyous abandon, followed it with a Physics, and firmly and expertly sent a treatise on the worthy science of Calculus whirling under the bed. He rummaged about in his trunk and soon produced a screwdriver and a pair of pliers. Creeping quietly into the hall, he assured himself of the landlady's absence, and then deftly removed an electric light switch from the wall. Returning to his room he dove into the murky depths of a closet and soon emerged carrying a coil of insulated wire. Donning his coat and hat, he left the house and strode down the street, whistling merrily. A block from his destination he left the street and, dodging clothes-lines with an adroitness born of long experience, made his way thru intervening back yards until he stood in the rear of the "gym." A stealthy recconoissance showed him where the electric light wires led from the pole, and, inwardly thanking the architect of the building, Billy climbed the bricks projecting from the wall at the corners until he found himself on the roof. Here he produced a knife and bared one of the wires in two places, splicing the ends of his wire to the bared spots. In the center of his wire he connected the switch and after assuring himself that it was closed, cut the main wire between the splices. He dropped the wire over the cornice

so that the switch hung before a window and then climbed over the edge of the building and back to earth.

Here a fresh idea presented itself and Billy ran round the corner to a tiny grocery store whose owner, aroused from a sound sleep, consented, after much dickering and many complaints, to sell him a gallon of molasses. Our hero trudged back to the "Gym." and tip-toed stealthily through the back door and into a locker room, in front of which was the balcony reserved for the orchestra. Depositing his molasses near the door he sat down and waited.

Billy had planned well, and presently the orchestra laid down their instruments and filed down to the main floor for a rest during the intermission. This was Billy's chance, and carrying his precious molasses he crept on his hands and knees out on to the balcony. With a cup pilfered from the grocer he impartially divided the molasses among the various wind instruments, favoring none, neglecting none.

Peering cautiously over the rail, Billy looked about. The balcony was connected with the main floor by a stairway. Close to the foot stood Annie Nyass, the faithless cause of Billy's wrath, absorbed in conversation with Henry Briggs, that same despised "Pulla Kork." Billy waited until this individual saw fit to leave Ann for a moment, then, carefully removing all obstacles to a dash to the stairway, he crept back to the locker room. Making his way to the window, he opened it and turned the switch.

Instantly Billy dashed on to the balcony and down the stairs, presently calling in his best imitation of Henry's voice, "Where are you Ann?"

"Right here," she answered in a somewhat shaky voice.

Billy followed the voice.

"Let's go outside," he suggested, "this place is like a dungeon."

She assented and slowly and carefully they picked their way through the confusion caused by the darkness to the door. Once outside Billy inquired:

"Want to take a ride in my car while they're fixing the lights?"

"Certainly."

Now Billy had no car, but as he had learned to drive Henry's in former days of intimacy, all was well.

For some time they rode about until suddenly they stopped before a house which Ann recognized as her own. The man at her side was plainly angry.

"Oh ——!" he muttered.

Ann started. Henry seldom said anything more profane than "Oh, piffle!"

"Car's busted," Billy said. "Guess you'll have to get out."

She alighted. Scarcely had she done so when Billy engaged his clutch with an unpardonable jerk and the car shot away, but not so swiftly that Ann could not hear a shouted, "Revenge is sweet!"

* * * * * *

Billy Williams was again peeved.

"All dressed up and no place to go," he growled as he tilted his chair to a different angle. But the querulous sound of a Klaxon outside followed by a whistle cheered him somewhat, and he lazily unwound his legs from the chair rungs and leaned out of the window.

"Whatteyuh want?" he inquired in a bored voice. He did not feel particularly pleasant yet.

"Come on out to the farm," said someone in the car.

Billy went, but as the car shot away, shadowy figures might have been seen coming from behind bushes and trees on all sides of Billy's house, and as he and his friend sped along the road and stopped before a brilliantly lighted farm house, another car followed and drew up a short distance beyond. Six young men jumped from it and made for the bushes surrounding the house. Here they waited.

A couple of hours later Billy and his friend came out of the house and walked toward the road. As they passed a bend in the path something happened, just what Billy was too astonished to know. All that he could make out was that he was deposited in someone's automobile, bound and gagged. Where he was being taken or who his captors were he did not know. After an interval of ten or fifteen minutes, which seemed as many years to Billy, the car stopped and he was carried a short distance and laid on the floor. All was dark. Once he thought he heard people breathing, and once he fancied he could detect a smothered cough, but he was not sure.

Presently he heard the footsteps of someone advancing toward him, and a jug was placed in his hands.

"Drink!" said a sepulchral voice.

Billy tried, but even he could not drink much molasses, and after a few gulps he laid the jug down.

"I can't," he groaned.

Suddenly the lights were turned on, and Billy, winking and blinking, saw that he lay in the middle of the "Gym." floor surrounded by the full force of the "Pulla Korks." Before him stood Ann and Henry. He looked at his ankles and wrists. They were bound with wire. It looked familiar, surely

he had seen that wire before, and that switch which was fastened to it. He looked at Henry, then he looked at Ann, then at the "Pulla Korks."

"Yes," one of them said, "it's the same wire."

They unbound our hero and as he stood up, Henry scowled at him and snarled: "R-r-r-r-revenge is sweet!"

And then the snarl changed into a grin.

CHAS. H. CUMMINGS, '14.

The Missing Link

J. WILFRED CARVER was late that evening. His wife waited for him at the front window.

"I don't see," quoth she, "why these men can't get home to their meals on time."

Then she said it again. Then she got up and walked across the room. She immediately forgot what she had intended to do and sat down again. Then she repeated her remark of a moment before, this time with considerably more emphasis. At this juncture, she heard a step on the front porch and J. Wilfred calmly opened the door and walked in. His wife met him.

"Why on earth don't you ever come home on time?" she queried. "You're getting to be a regular Missing Link."

"A regular wha-a-t?"

"Missing Link. And I mean it, too!"

"Missing Link—Missing Link—what's that? New kind of breakfast food, or the latest dance?"

"Why it's a—, it's a—er—ah—. Say, Jim, do you want tea or coffee tonight?"

The next morning Carver strolled into his office, removed his coat and hat with studied deliberation, rolled up his sleeves and sat down at his desk. He opened a letter and tossed it into the waste basket, following it with another and then another.

"Confound these 'Get-rich-quick' schemes, anyway," he grumbled. Then he straightened up and spun his chair around.

"Say, Bill," he called to the apparition in the pink and green striped shirt who occupied the next desk, "what's a Missing Link, anyway? My wife called me one last night."

"How in thunder do you suppose I know? I guess it's a—. Oh, I don't know what the dickens it is. Now shut up and don't bother me."

On his way home that night, Carver stopped at a public library and after confiding his wants to the all suffering librarian, emerged with a copy of Darwin. Most of that night, which chanced to be Saturday evening, re read, and all day Sunday he read. Sunday night he laid down his book and turned to his wife.

"Mary," he said, "I've found out what the Missing Link is. It's a mighty interesting thing."

"What?"

"Why, the Missing Link, of course."

And then he launched himself into a lengthy explanation of the nature of the Missing Link. His explanation is too long for repetition here. Mrs. Carver thought so too and went to sleep. Suffice it to say that the Missing Link is a name applied to that form of life which, according to the theory of Darwin, bridged the gap between the highest form of monkey and the lowest form of man. But J. Wilfred was not in the least disconcerted, and when Mrs. Carver awoke some time later, he was still running with wide open throttle. She mildly mentioned that it was bed time, but a fourth statement of this fact was necessary before Jim awoke to a realization of its truth.

The Missing Link and the theories of the great Darwin continued to occupy a large part of Carver's attention for the next few weeks, during which time he re-read Darwin and haunted the library in search of more information on the subject. Then, for a while, so his wife thought, he forgot all about it, when one evening he electrified her by observing: "I've got a month's vacation beginning tomorrow. Next day I'm going to leave and see if I can't find that Missing Link."

Mary's jaw dropped.

"Wha—what do you mean?" she gasped. Then her face brightened and she laughed. "I bite," she said.

"That's no joke," was the indignant response. "These naturalists were all right on some things, but there's one thing that they were all wrong about. That Missing Link had never been found over Europe where they looked for it because it isn't there." He paused for breath.

"Nor anywhere else," rudely interrupted his skeptical wife.

"Yes, it is. I believe it's right here in Michigan. And I'm going to find it. I start day after tomorrow."

"Well of all things!" observed his wife.

Wilfred Carver boarded the train in high spirits. He had succeeded in finding a young man who was looking for a place to spend his vacation and was willing to go most anywhere, especially after Jim hinted vaguely at financial remuneration. As I have said, J. Wilfred was in good humor and as he settled back in his seat he seemed well content with things in general and himself in particular. He launched forth into a discussion of his views upon the subject of the Missing Link.

"Geologists tell us," he said, "that the rocks of northern Michigan are among the oldest in the world. They probably contain numerous caves, and it is a well known fact that most of the ancient skeletons have been found in caves. I intend to look for caves in the rocky parts of the northern peninsula and in these caves I will, I am confident, find the Missing Link. I—"

"Aw, forget the Missing Link for a little while," quoth his companion. "Who's going to lick the Dutchmen?"

"Yes, I am confident it can be done, and that I'm the man to do it," continued J. Wilfred, unconscious of the interruption, and so on ad infinitum.

"O Lord," groaned Carver's unhappy victim.

Leaving Carver in the midst of his discourse, let us turn the clock back twelve hours, and on the night before J. Wilfred's departure, station ourselves in this dignitary's garden.

As the "penny-a-liner" would say, "the silver crescent of the new-born moon was gleaming in the starlit heavens as two figures stealthily emerged from the shadow of the back door, and, crossing the garden, seated themselves beneath the low-hanging branches of a venerable apple tree." Let us draw nearer and listen to their conversation.

"Yes, it will certainly make a fool of Jim," said Mrs. Carver, for it was she, "but if it works, it's worth it."

"It certainly is," responded J. Wilfred's companion of the morrow. "I don't see what Jim can be thinking of to get such a scheme into his head."

"Nor I," sighed Mrs. Carver. "But now let's go over the essential points in the plan. First, you and Jim find a cave. If you can't find anything better, an abandoned mine will do. Jim won't know the difference. Then you leave camp some night, get that doctored skeleton we sent on ahead; how you will manage it, I don't know, but you can find a way, and hide it in the cave so Jim will be sure to find it. Then what will happen next I don't know."

"O. K.," said the youth, as he arose.

"Good night, Sid," said Mrs. Carver.

"Good night."

"Two days have passed," as the same "penny-a-liner" would say, and Jim Carver, under the skillful guidance of Sid Sargent, who has evinced a surprising knowledge of woodcraft, has found the cave and is in the act of exploring it. Suddenly he emitted a deafening yell.

"Wheeeeee—wow—Um—tidy—um—tum— Oh, Sid!"

Sid arrived on a dead run to find Carver engaged in the pleasing occupation of endeavoring to dance a Spanish Fandango, a Highland Fling, and a Hornpipe at one and the same time, and only succeeding in stumbling over his own feet in the operation.

"Look at what I found," he yelled. "Who says I'm not a naturalist and an explorer? Here's the Missing Link, right here."

"Aw, go wan, that's nothing but the mortal remains of some poor injun."

"No, it isn't an Indian," insisted J. Wilfred. "Look at that skull, look at those arms, look at—"

"Oh, I can see 'em without all that racket," giggled Sid, and then he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. When he recovered his composure, he suggested in an aggrieved tone:

"Oh, well, if that's your Missing Link, the thing to do is to take it back to Detroit and show it to the highbrow naturalists there. It'll make you famous."

"You're right, Sid," said J. Wilfred.

Let us pass over the few days intervening between Carver's discovery and his meeting with the naturalists and biologists. His return had been heralded far and wide by serious and sarcastic newspaper scribes and by the time arrangements for Carver's report of his findings had been made, half the naturalists of the country were in a fever of excitement. At last the day came. The professors appointed to receive Carver's statements and to view the skeleton sat about a round table in the center of which was laid the box containing the Missing Link. Carver had not allowed anyone to see it as yet.

Now he arose. "Gentlemen," he began in a sonorous tone, "I have, I believe, made a discovery of almost unparallelled importance in the scientific world. I have found the Missing Link."

He paused. "Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty spirit before destruction." J. Wilfred opened the box. The professors crowded about and then stood back in amazement and anger.

"That the Missing Link!" exclaimed one as soon as he was able to speak. "That the Missing Link. It's a fake! a fake! Why that's nothing but a child's skeleton with a monkey's head and a man's arms."

The angry professors crowded about J. Wilfred with angry looks and all commenced to talk at once. Then, as they saw that he was no imposter, that Carver was as much astonished as any one, they realized that he had been made the victim of a colossal joke. Then they laughed. Oh! what a laugh. It traveled the length and breadth of the country and back again. Wilfred shrunk away.

It was two weeks before Carver dared to return to his office. All was as before. He sat down at his desk and began to open his accumulated mail. The youth at the next desk paused in his work. (His shirt was yellow with blue stripes this time.)

"Say, Jim," he called.

"Huh?" grunted J. Wilfred.

"Say a—how do you spell 'missing'?"

J. Wilfred bit the end off a brand new fountain pen.

"Aw, shut up," he spluttered through a mouthful of ink.

DON CARLOS.

The Usual Way

ON THE veranda of one of the few large houses in the little town of C——, sat a group of women earnestly engaged in conversation.

"Who is that young fellow? He must be from out of town," exclaimed one of the ladies, drawing attention to the young man just entering the "leading" boarding house across the way.

"Yes, he applied for a position as a machine helper at the plant yesterday," answered the wife of the general manager of the Great Western Engineering Company; for though C—— did not boast a modern hotel, it was justly proud of being the home of one of the greatest electrical concerns west of the Mississippi river.

"He seems rather pleasant and well educated," added a third speaker.

This last remark caused much inquiry among the group as to why an educated man should take so humble a position as that of helper. This became the main topic of conversation; and during the balance of the afternoon many theories were advanced explaining his action.

Let us now turn to the subject of this gossip. He went directly to his room and sat on his bed for some time gazing fixedly at the opposite wall.

Finally he awoke from his reverie, pulled a finger-worn note from his pocket and read it aloud for the hundredth time:

"James Douglass:

"For several reasons you may consider our friendship broken. No explanation is necessary.

"Mabel."

"Mabel," he cried, "I must—I will explain. I will show her her mistake." He repeated this over and over again, and still the words, "No explanation is necessary," rang in his ears. She had inspired a devotion, a passion which satisfied body and spirit; without her life seemed empty, poor and old. Surely there was nothing to live for. Love was a mockery, a sham. Women were all alike, faithless, vain and worthless.

Many a time, before he left for this little town in Iowa to forget his troubles, he had met Mabel on the street. He had always been courteous to her but never friendly. It had been hard to resist the temptation to stop and ask for an explanation, these same words, "No explanation is necessary," had prevented.

If he had only known Mabel's feelings at these accidental meetings! She tried to convince herself that she did not care for him; but, try as she would, she couldn't suppress the emotions that stirred deep in her heart whenever she saw him. Often she had lain awake nights, suffering under tortuous thoughts. If he had only stopped and reproached her, accused her, insulted her, she thought. No, he was a gentleman. He had only been cold as one who was indifferent or without love, and he had not even informed her of his destination when he left. Gradually she came to hate the man who had brought about this unhappiness, and who had stepped between herself and James. But now it was too late; womanly pride had prevented her from coming to him, explaining all, and becoming reconciled. Now he was gone.

* * * * * *

Five years, marked with reverses for James, had now passed. He had been forced to surmount many obstacles, but still was unconquered. He was now a skilled workman; a favorite among his companions because of his skill and character.

One day he was engaged in testing a large dynamo which was about ready for shipment. Suddenly above the whir and drone of the belts and machinery he heard a piercing outcry. He saw a fellow workman, his sleeve caught in a low belt, being rapidly drawn toward a large pulley near him. Instantly, while the other men gazed on horror-stricken, he forced the belt

from the pulley. The machinery stopped. Someone had recovered sufficiently to shut off the power, but too late; two insensible men lay motionless on the floor.

Both were rushed to the hospital. On examination, the workman was found to be but slightly injured, suffering only from the shock when the belt threw him. James had saved him but had himself come into contact with the revolving pulley. As a result, his arm was frightfully mangled and he, himself, was badly injured. For several days he hovered between life and death.

These days were hardly more than a blank to him. He had a faint impression of white walls about him and the detestable odor of anaesthetics of which he could not rid his lungs. His most vivid impressions were those of a thermometer in his mouth and of a soft hand holding his wrist. He longed for water and wondered at their hard-heartedness to refuse to give more than a scant spoonful which hardly moistened his dry and caked tongue.

As he grew better, he lay for hours, his eyes listlessly following the nurse as she busily flitted about the room. Her erect figure, her soft glossy hair, her graceful movements were a constant source of amusement and delight. When she left the room for only a short time, he fussed and fretted till she returned, and then fell asleep, contented.

One afternoon he awoke from a long sleep. As usual his nurse sat by his bedside. She looked familiar. Who could she be?

"Are you Mabel?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How long have I been here?"

"Let me see,—nine days," she replied.

"Are you really Mabel Duncan?" he inquired.

"Yes, James."

"Why are you here? Have you been nursing me all the time?"

"Yes, I am a nurse."

"I didn't know you were in town."

"Neither did I know you lived here."

"Why did you nurse me? Why didn't you leave it for someone else?" he asked.

"Silly boy! Because I love you."

"Is it true? I can't believe it."

"Yes. Now go to sleep. The doctor's orders are to keep you quiet.

"Now I—" The sentence was never finished. He fell asleep.

The doctor appeared in the doorway and found Mabel smoothing the coverings. He inquired about James' condition.

"No fever whatever. He has been talking quite naturally," she replied to his questions.

The doctor looked down at the contented face among the pillows, and casting a knowing glance at the blushing girl, said: "I fancy he is all right now."

SENIOR, '15.

A couple of months ago a cook informed her mistress that she was going to leave her, as she intended to get married. Not long after the mistress was moved by curiosity, and asked:

"When are you to be married, Nora?"

"Indade, and it's never at all, I'll be thinkin', mum," was the sad reply.

"Really? What is the trouble?"

"'Tis this, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, and Mike won't marry me when he's sober."

A very stern priest issued a rule in his parish that abolished dancing. In the neighboring town there was a dance and a few of the young people attended it. The next morning the priest found out about it and met one of the young ladies (E. W.) on the street, and said:

"Good morning, child of the devil."

"Good morning, Father," answered the little miss.

"Oi! Oi!" shouted Shannon, "an' did Abe give you the black eye?"

"He did not," retorted Corrigan. "He gave me only the black; Oi had the eye myself all the time."

"Now" said the farmer to the new hand, Shepard, from the city, "I want you to clean up the pig sty, the stable, the hen house, and all the other houses of the stock."

The new hand worked vigorously for a couple of days, and then appeared before his employer with both eyes nearly closed, his mouth swollen, and red lumps all over his body. "Gimme my money," said Shepard, "I'm going to quit."

"What's the matter?" said the farmer.

"I don't know what the matter is," replied Shepard, "but it happened when I started to clean the beehive."

"I never see your wife with Mrs. Schmidt since she has got her divorce from Fred."

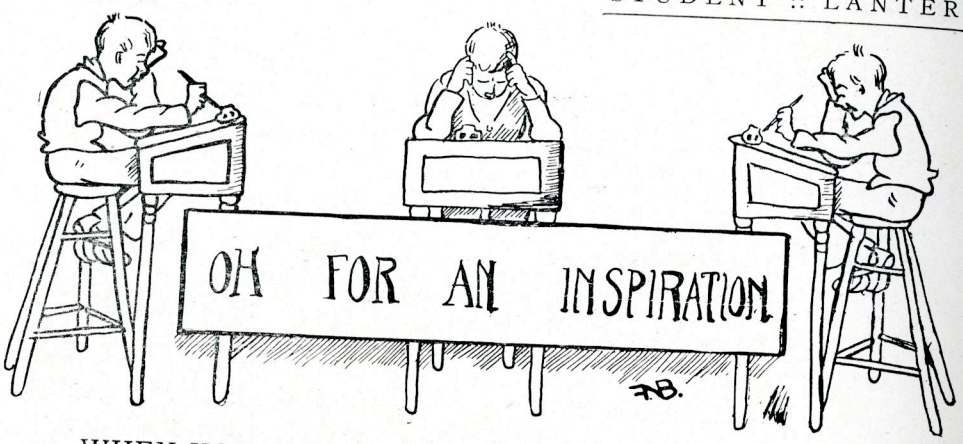
"No; she ran a lawnmower over her."

"I don't understand."

"She cut the grass widow."

Mr. Hackstadt, reading school report: "See here, your standings are much lower than they were before Christmas."

"Yes, dad, I know; but everything is marked down after the holidays," was the reply.



WHEN YOU GOT A "CON," DEAR, AND I GOT A GREAT BIG FLUNK.

When you got a "con," dear, a big hopeless "con" dear,
And I got a great big flunk.
My teachers caressed me, and said they had blessed me,
But we know that is all bunk.
They all thought 'twas cheerie to go to school, dearie,
Mid text books and similar junk;
Now wasn't that—dear, when you got a "con," dear,
And I got a great big flunk?

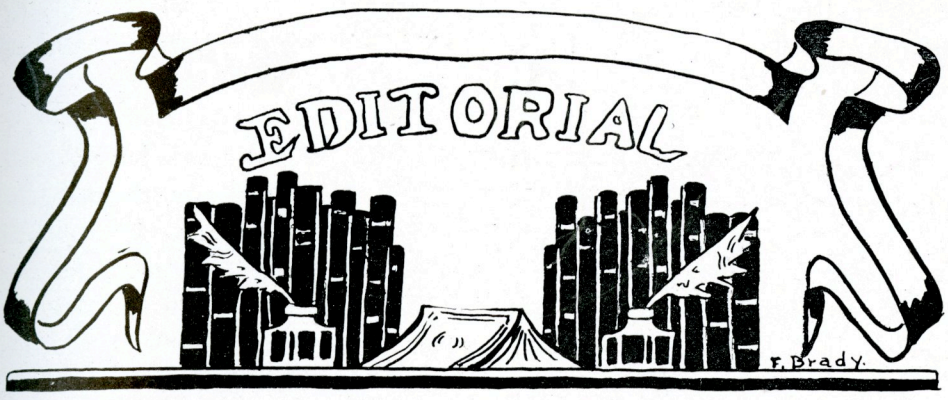
DON CARLOS.

AN ODE TO THE CHAPEL SEATS

Sleep, little foot, beneath my chair,
Father will guard thee with loving care.
The back of the seat in front of me
Is closer than it ought to be.
My legs are cramped and I'm rather ill;
I dare not move and I can't sit still.
So sleep, sleep,
Sleep, little foot, sleep on.

TIPPERARY, A LA MODE

Little Willie from the mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking that, in childish error,
It would cure his whooping cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother
Said to Mrs. Brown,
"'Twas a cold, cold day for little Willie
When the mercury went down."



STUDENT LANTERN

PUBLISHED EVERY SCHOOL MONTH BY

Saginaw High School Lyceum

Entered as second class matter, April 10, 1912, at the Post Office at Saginaw, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Address all letters, stories and other communications to

STUDENT LANTERN,

Saginaw High School, SAGINAW, MICH.

The Ninth Year

Eight years ago, the Saginaw High School Lyceum saw the need of a monthly publication in this school. Some years previous to this, the Lyceum Advocate had been published but had not met with success. In the fall term of 1906, the students realized what a school paper meant. Therefore, the Lyceum, in February, 1907, published the first Student Lantern. It was composed of six departments covering thirty-two pages. Charles Koehler was the editor, and he certainly deserves praise and credit for beginning the Student Lantern. The first issue was so favorably received that the staff doubled their efforts through the remainder of the year. The publication was continued in the ensuing years and the Student Lantern now ranks as one of the best high school papers of the state.

This issue is the beginning of the ninth year. Eight years the Stu-

dent Lantern has prospered and flourished, and will, let us hope, continue to do so in the years to come.

But do not think that we are satisfied with the present Student Lantern. Nay, we walk with our eyes ever lifted upward. All suggestions for betterments are anxiously solicited. A catchy poem or song now and then is cordially received. We desire all the stories we can possibly obtain.

Our aim is two-fold. First, we strive to please you; and secondly, we endeavor to better our financial basis. To please you, we use all the good stories, jokes, and poems we receive. Accordingly, the more stories and jokes you hand in, the better you are satisfied. Wouldn't you be elated if you saw your story or poem in print? Wouldn't you feel proud if you had done something to better your school paper? All of you responded nobly to the Anti-Tuberculosis cause and to the aid of the Belgian sufferers. That is, you gave money to help and felt justly satisfied. Now, the Student Lantern doesn't ask for pecuniary contributions. All we ask for is a little reading matter. A minute spent once in a while in gathering jokes and turning them over to the Student Lantern is surely appreciated. If every student in this high school would contribute one joke every month, we would be able to select our jokes from more than eight hundred.

Our financial status is one of great importance. Unless we have a good financial standing we cannot continue this publication. If ever you see an opportunity to persuade any one to advertise in the Lantern, do so. It helps us, the school, and, incidentally, you. It is to your credit to have a good school paper; one that you can be proud of. It is to your benefit to help a good cause along. It is to your benefit to say, "I have done something that is worthy."

If you can say nothing favorable for the Lantern, why say anything at all? Why knock? Does the knockers' creed look good to you? Here it is:

1—Do not subscribe. Borrow your classmate's paper; be a sponge.

2—Look up the advertiser and trade with the other fellow—be a chump.

3—Never hand in news items, and be sure to criticise everything in the paper—be a knocker.

4—If you are a member of the staff, play tennis, or "society," when you ought to be attending to business—be a shirk.

5—Tell your neighbors that you can get more news for less money—be a squeeze.

6—If you can't hustle and make the paper a success—be a corpse.

Class Spirit

Where has your class spirit gone? There is not enough of the good, old-fashioned rivalry that used to exist. Instead of rivalry, there is criticism of the harmful kind. Whenever one class endeavors to give a party or a play or do something out of the usual run of affairs, the other classes, usually the upper ones, chime in, telling how it should be done, how they did it, and even go so far as to tell them that it will be a failure. Thus the class that would have in all probability made a blazing success of the affair, becomes disheartened and a failure is the result. Now, these other classes do not stop to consider that what is a failure of one class is the failure of the entire school. If the result of one class is a failure, those outside of school remark that Saginaw High school failed in that respect. True class spirit not only helps your own class, it stimulates the whole school. Unkindly criticism, however, helps no one; it is of no aid to those who criticise; it discourages those who are criticised. Look for the good, not the bad; lend a hand.

A Captain's Duty

"When, in the course of human events," the captain of an athletic team is elected, he is supposed to do his duty. What does his duty consist of? He must train honestly and put forth his best efforts to make a winning team. He must work conscientiously and do his best. But he must do more. He must keep his academic work up to a certain degree of excellence. Should he allow his work to lag and hence become ineligible? If he does, is he performing his duty properly? Should he by his ineligibility throw the team into gloom and despair, and wreck its hopes for victory?

If he does, he is not doing his duty. He should also make his team-mates do the same. He should insist that they maintain a fair standard of marks. If he knows himself or a certain one will be ineligible to play, he should not allow himself or that individual to train with the first team. By so allowing that person to do that, he is keeping another, who will play in the game, from practicing with the team. Therefore, when the game is played, some players who have not practiced with the team will be in the game. Thus our chance of victory is slim.

Students, you should insist that the captain perform his duty properly.

Junior Ex.

Should the Junior appointees give an exhibition, is the question that is on the lips of many. This question

has been discussed thoroughly and the idea prevalent is, that an exhibition should not be given.

During the Junior year, every student in the class carrying eleventh grade English must write an oration. This is a very valuable requisition. The appointees claim that if they give an "Ex." they will not be able to give sufficient time to their studies and orations. Of course, the appearance of those students before the public in a play would be a very valuable experience to them. But if their studies are to suffer on account of this, it should be given up forever. More benefit can be derived from the writing of those orations and from studying than can be obtained from the play. Moreover, they have a chance to appear later in the Junior and Senior plays if their work is not too heavy.

The high school life is short. It is so brief, in fact, that no one can afford to waste his time. Every available minute should be given to studying and preparing for the business life. It is far better for the student to devote himself to his work while at school and then enjoy the social functions after graduation; for those studious ones are prepared for life. They know how to concentrate and how study the problems life brings them, while the mediocre student is handicapped by the habit of not utilizing his opportunities. 'Tis not so much what we remember of what we learn in school that determines our success in after life as it is the habits we form there. Is your high school life helping you to form the best habits of work and the best habits of play that you know how to form? The habit of play at the right time is quite as important as the habit of work at the proper time. Make both habits good habits, and do it now. The only "success" that is worth while comes this way.

Personal

Our honored assistant editor, the industrious F. J. Schmidt, Jr., finds his love for the publishing trade increasing. He discovers that all the work done in publishing the Student Lantern does not satiate his consuming lust for the literary. He chortles gleefully, "This is the life," when about to publish the Lantern. And so, to give his system that which it craves for, he has joined forces with the Saginaw News. There his literary lust is satisfied. We wish you luck, F. J. S., Jr.

NOTE—He has a job carrying papers from the press.

FEBRUARY.
Schmelzer
IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIP-PA-RARY
AFTER THE BASKET BALL GAME.
CHEAP! CHEAP!
WATCH THE BIRDIE NOW!
THE SENIORS AT PLAY
SOME PUNK WEATHER
THE EXACT SPOT
BUCK IN THE "CAMPUS MOUSER"
SOME MEMBERS OF THE LYCEUM RECEIVE COMIC VALENTINES.

Rhetorics

LYCEUM

Jan. 8—Ginger Morley gave an interesting account of the "Boys' Conference from a Junior's Point of View."

Abie Schirmer's talk on "America's Opportunities in the Present European Crisis" was greatly appreciated although it was very unexpected.

At this meeting the Lyceum resolved itself into a committee of the whole with Mr. Hackstadt in the chair. The Honor System was tentatively discussed.

Jan. 15—The three upper classes met in chapel under the auspices of the Lyceum to discuss the Honor System.

Jan. 22—The business meeting was largely taken up by Mr. Hackstadt's report on the Honor System, and by the secret ballot on the Honor System.

Jan. 29—This being the twentieth week of school, officers for the second semester were elected. They are: Chas. H. Cummings, president; Stewart Howson, vice-president; Frederic Louden, secretary; Henry Shannon, marshal.

Feb. 5—The debate on "Resolved, That a system of old age pensions be adopted in the United States," was continued. All but the rebuttal for the affirmative side was heard. The teams are: Affirmative: Schmidt, Howson; Negative: Granse, Wilbur.

Feb. 12—Frederick Schmidt presented the rebuttal of the affirmative on the "Old Age Pension" debate. The judges decided that the weight of argument lay with the negative team.

The Executive Committee was authorized to select a debating team to represent the Lyceum in contests with other schools in either dual or triangular debates. It is expected that a triangular debate will be arranged between Saginaw High, Arthur Hill and Bay City Eastern. The affirmative team of each school will stay at home and meet an opponent; the negative team of each school debates away from home. All three debates take place on the same evening.

THENCEAN

Jan. 22—Miss Henrietta Seitner gave a very interesting paper on "Penny Lunchrooms."

Miss Eleanor Shea gave a paper on "The Page of the United States Senate."

Miss Marjorie Powell's subject was the "Drama League of America."

Miss Helen Roberts gave a short sketch of the life of Mary Pickford.

G. C. L. S.

Jan. 22—Mamie Beckbissinger gave short talks on the following states: Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Illinois.

The life of Florence Nightingale was given by Helen Feldman.

AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Jan. 15—Three papers on $100,000 salary men were given and a comparison of their salaries to those of our government officials were given by the Misses Willis, Milligan, Robertson, and Wienke.

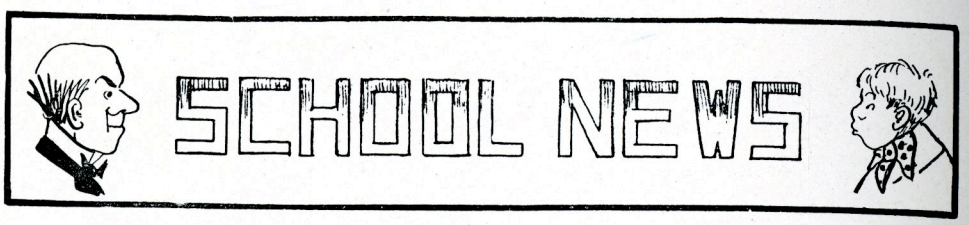
Eva Schmidt gave a splendid report of how the five dollars which the Society gave to be used for the poor of Saginaw was spent. Miss Schmidt, Miss Milligan and Miss Willis, who had charge of the spending of the money, purchased food enough for two splendid Christmas dinners. These were given to two families who were much in need of help.

Jan. 22—The program for this meeting consisted of two papers. Miss Bernice Cooley gave her paper on "Children of the Steel Kings," and told how the children of the foreigners in our steel centers are given playgrounds where they may spend their leisure hours in healthful exercise. Miss Mildred Gollwitzer spoke on "Children's Sports." This paper brought out the astounding fact that only a short time ago juvenile criminals had had not half the chance for a fair trial as the mature criminal had.

GIRLS' LYCEUM

Jan. 22—Miss Hodges gave a graphic description of the "Dangers of the Subway." This was followed by a good talk on the "Latest Moving Picture Films," by Miss Winkler.

A most interesting and instructive talk was the one on "A Certain Woman's Word to Women Concerning Certain Duties," by Miss Walz.



Jan. 20—The announcement of the Aurora Board certainly came as a blow to many of the Seniors.

Jan. 22—Miss Stranahan reports that the weather in Florida is especially fine.

Jan. 23—Miss Klumpp rendered two excellent vocal solos in chapel this morning.

Jan. 25—The cheerful week of "exams" begins.

Jan. 28—The Student Lantern made its appearance today and was said to be the best ever.

Jan. 30—It seems as though it were a visiting day for dogs today.

Feb. 1—It looks as if some of the Senior boys wanted to be "Stage-door Johnnies."

Feb. 2—Our editor received a prize for being the champion skater of the boys.

Feb. 3—Did you buy a Student Lantern the last time? If you did not, do so the next time and try to keep up with the times.

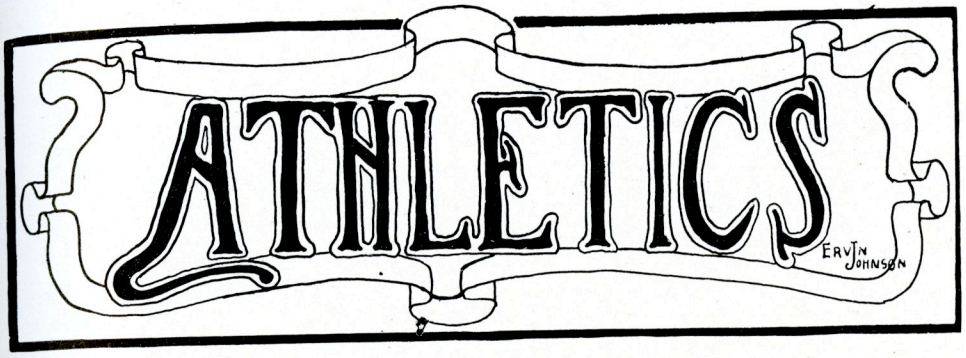
Feb. 4—Miss Truckner enjoys the company of certain loving Senior girls so much that she is going to give a reception in their honor in the near future.

Feb. 5—The Athletic Association re-elected Arthur Weadock for its president. It also elected Miss Schmidt, vice-president, and "Buck" Louden, secretary. The Senior representative is Gerald McCorkle; the Junior one is Vincent Gorman; and the Sophomore and Freshman representatives are "Bing" Schirmer and Cornelius Kelly, respectively.

Feb. 6—Wanted! The Seniors desire all material that will help make the 1915 Aurora a tremendous success.

The report cards make their appearance in the homes of the various students.

The basketball season is in full swing. Hurrah for Saginaw High!



Arthur Hill

The Arthur Hill game was the next on the program. A great crowd that filled the gym to its capacity was present and there was surely enough "pep" displayed by supporters of both sides. If the East Siders' coaching system had caused a little team work to have been practiced the score would have undoubtedly told a different story; but the boys were a little off color as far as their team work went. Every man played a hard game and caused the bigger, heavier boys from across the river more work than they could easily handle.

Line-up and summary:

ARTHUR HILL—26		22—SAGINAW
Goodsell (C)	F	Barth
Huebner	F	Van Auken
Brooks	C	Case
Benway-Nash	G	Bricker
Naismyth	G	Archangeli-Klumpp

Final Score—Arthur Hill 26, Saginaw 22; first half—Saginaw 15, Arthur Hill 10.

Goals from field—Goodsell 6, Huebner 2, Brooks, Benway, Naismyth, Barth 4, Van Auken 3, Bricker, Archangeli, Klumpp.

Goals from fouls—Van Auken, 2 in 9; Huebner, 4 in 6; Goodsell, none in 1; Naismyth, none in 1.

Referee—Bleamaster, Alma.

Time of halves—20 minutes.

Bay City Western

Again the team was compelled to travel to the down river gym to battle Western. It is generally thought by most of the boys that the Y. M. C. A. gym in Bay City is the last word in poor basketball floors and from the scores it would seem so. Western handed Saginaw a 62 to 19 beating which showed

the necessity of team work. The lanky center was the bright star until Bricker began to guard him.

Bricker and Barth played the best game for Saginaw.

Line-up and summary:

BAY CITY—62		19—SAGINAW
Bristol-Hershey	F	Barth
Bacinski	F	Van Auken-Weadock
Nichols (C)	C	Gase—Van Auken
Pittlsey	G	Brick (C)-McGregor
Wait	G	Klumpp-Archangeli

Final Score—Western 62, Saginaw 19; first half—Western 29, Saginaw 7.

Goals from field—Nichols 10, Bacinski 6, Pittsley 5, Bristol 3, Hersey 2, Barth 4, Van Auken 2, Gase, McGregor.

Goals from fouls—Nichols, 10 in 17; Barth, 3 in 7.

Time of halves—20 minutes.

Grand Rapids

A bunch of fellows under Coach Upton usually develops into a team before the season is far gone, and this year's squad have certainly done a little more. Their team work and passing was machine like and the result was never in doubt. Bartz and Captain Adams played a game that stood above their team mates, but everyone displayed team work. This game perhaps did more to teach the boys basketball than everything through the season up to that time. Artie Barth scored all of Saginaw's baskets and played a good game, while Captain Bricker and Archangeli held their own.

Line-up and summary:

GRAND RAPIDS—45		10—SAGINAW
Apted	F	Barth
Miller	F	Weadock
Bartz	C	Howson
Adams (C)	G	(C) Bricker
Richards	G	Archangeli

Final Score—Grand Rapids Central 45, Saginaw 10; first half—Grand Rapids 28, Saginaw 8.

Goals from field—Bartz 8, Adams 5, Apted 5, Miller 2, Richards, Barth 2.

Goals from fouls—Adams, 3 in 13; Apted, none in 2; Barth, 6 in 13.

Substitutions—Grand Rapids Central, Lane for Richards; Saginaw, Van Auken for Weadock, Bau for Bricker, Klumpp for Archangeli.

Time of halves—20 minutes.

Referee—Dean, Jackson.

Class No. 2.

The distinction between this class and class number one, is that, while there is nothing WRONG with them, they are not as artistic, as well executed, or as well printed as those in class one; they have good covers but they are not exceptional.

The SIBYL GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, Riverside, California. We have no adverse criticism for you. The bold green and red lettering of your December issue is effectively offset by the dull gray paper.

THE CENTRAL DIGEST, Chattanooga, Tenn. Your cover design is all right because it is standard, but you ought to try a different color scheme; three shades of brown is too somber.

THE GLEAM, Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minn. The cover of your January issue (the only one we have received) would have been entitled to a place in class one, had it been printed on heavier paper and with a different color scheme. We would suggest for a cover of this kind a dull maroon paper printed with silver or dark green paper and gold size and bronzed.

TABULA, Oak Park, Ill. November issue. Using blue on dull finish buff paper is excellent but your cover had too much blank space. Compare it with the excellent way an even greater space has been handled on the San Francisco Tiger, January issue.

THE ZODIAC, Lansing, Mich. Christmas number. A prettier cover design for Christmas would be hard to find, but you nearly ruined it by printing it on red paper with black ink. Two heavy colors and nothing for contrast. Compare it with the Christmas cover of the Booster, La Crosse, Wis. You should have used a dull white paper with black ink for the outlines, and green, not too bright, for the holly and the pine trees.

THE TIGER, Little Rock, Arkansas. Christmas issue. Yours would have been very good had it not been so gaudy.

The covers of the following are not clean-cut. (All the covers in class one are noticeable for the lack of unnecessary pen-strokes, they are all well defined, i. e., clean cut.)

THE RECORD, Girls' High School, Louisville, Ky., November.

THE SCROLL, Washington High, Milwaukee, November and January.

The workmanship on the scroll covers is excellent, however.

THE RECORD, Sioux City, Iowa, Girls' Number.

THE ORACLE, Woodward High, Cincinnati, Ohio, January.

There is excellent drawing here also.

B. H. S. COURANT, Bradford, Pa. Your covers are usually too plain. No individuality is shown, except in your last number which is undoubtedly in class one, and worthy of a place in Vogue or Vanity Fair.

THE ECHO, Nashville, Tenn. Christmas number. This could easily have been made worthy of class one; first, by having used a stronger paper. Trying to emboss soft, pulpous paper always proves unsuccessful. Second, The white ink should have shown whiter. Two impressions would have accomplished this.

The following are the remaining under class two and are typical of this class:

THE OPTIMIST, Bloomington, Indiana, January.

THE COURIER, Boise, Idaho.

THE CAMOSIN, Victoria, B. C., Christmas.

THE RECORDER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

SOMERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL RADIATOR, Mass.

THE BULLETIN, Central State Normal, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

THE PARROT, New Rochelle, N. Y.

M. T. H. S. BOOSTER, Indianapolis, Christmas.

DELPHIAN, Kalamazoo, January.

THE ADVOCATE, Lincoln, Neb., Football Special.

New Exchanges.

OPTIMIST, Bloomington, Ind.
STUDENT, Central High, Detroit.
RED AND BLACK, Northwestern College, Watertown, Wis.

JOKES

Just Imagine:

R. Soule answering to roll call.

Ross Crosson (Madam X.) without a toothpick.

Cap Sheldon managing a schooner.

Auto class touring the city with the school Ford.

The garage completed.

It was during a golf game in Scotland. The first player who drove off was very bowlegged. The second player, unmindful that his opponent was in front of him, struck the ball and it whizzed between his opponent's legs.

"Hoot, mon!" said the bowlegged one in anger, "that's nae golf."

"Aweel," said the second player complacently, "if 'tis na golf, 'tis good croquet."

Dante came home from school very morose.

"Well, my son," questioned his father, cheerfully, "how did you get on at school?"

To this Dante said that he had been whipped and kept in. "It was because you told me the wrong answer," he added. "Last night I asked you how much a million dollars was, and you said it was a h— of a lot. That isn't the right answer."

The Chinese are not a race given to flattery. A gentleman called at a Chinese laundry for his clothes. On receiving the package he noticed some Chinese characters marked on it and being curious, he asked, pointing to the writing:

"That is my name, I suppose?"

"No, scliption," was the bland reply. "Litl' ol' man, cros eye' no teet."

Heard in the hall of the old building:

Norma: "Mr. Klumpp, what is the difference between a cat and a comma?"

Klumpp: "Give up. What is it?"

N. A.: "A cat has its claws at the end of its paws; and a comma its pause at the end of a clause."

Minister: "Begin at the bottom and work up, Patrick; that's the only way."

Pat: "It can't de done in my business; I'm a well digger."

R. L.: "We'd better be good."

E. L.: "Why?"

R. L.: "I heard doctor tell mother to take plenty of exercise."

Egan: "Brick claims he once saw a vision."

Blaisdell: "Blonde or brunette?"

"Yes," said the old man, "I find my strength is failing somewhat. I used to walk around the block every morning, but lately I feel so tired when I get half way around I have to turn and come back."

Bad Bite.

"Well, I see the Germans have taken Lodz."

"I'll bite. Loads of What?"

A lady gave a tramp, James Rust, five cents, and asked him what he would do with it.

"Well," he reflected, "I can't buy an auto, because I wouldn't be able to hire a chauffeur. I couldn't buy a yacht, because I wouldn't be able to pay men to man it. So I guess I'll buy a schooner and handle it myself."

A Definition.

A celebrated lawyer once tried to get a Boston witness to give his idea of absentmindedness. "Well," said the witness, who was a typical New England Yankee, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum, and took it out'n his pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a leetle absent-minded."—Technical World.

Bill: "Mother, John's got half the bed."

Mother: "Well, you take the other half."

Bill: "I can't; he's got his half in the middle."

There's a Reason.

Mr. Smith came home very late for supper one evening. He called to his wife and told her to cook up everything there was in the house.

"Why, John," she said, "what makes you so terribly hungry?"

"I'm not hungry," he growled. "I'm going to pawn the stove."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Pessimism.

"The best luck any man can have is never to have been born; but that seldom happens to any one."

Financial Statement of Athletic Association, February 12, 1915

RECEIPTS		
Balance forward from last report		$390.20
F. Dreier, refund Bay City trip	$ 5.00	
Total receipts, Arthur Hill game	63.90	
Total receipts, Grand Rapids game	27.05	
		$ 95.95
Total to acount for.....		$486.15

DISBURSEMENTS	
F. Dreier, Bay City trip.....	$ 6.00
John Wall, Alumni game.....	1.00
W. C. Bleamaster, referee Arthur Hill game	10.00
H. C. Lange, expense account Arthur Hill game	.80
F. Dreier, music account Arthur Arthur Hill game	1.50
Alex Strachan, services Arthur Hill game	2.00
John Wall, services Arthur Hill game	1.00
F. Dreier, music account Grand Rapids game	1.50
Manager Grand Rapids team....	40.00
P. E. Dean, referee Grand Rapids game	10.00
Alex Strachan, services Grand Rapids game	2.00
John Wall, services Grand Rapids game	1.00
Total disbursements	$ 66.80
Balance in bank	419.35
Total	$486.15

Financial Statement of Student Lantern, February 12, 1915

RECEIPTS			DISBURSEMENTS	
Balance forward from last report		$152.88	C. E. White, January issue.....	$ 2.00
Circulation since last report	$21.20		W. J. McCron, January issue....	69.50
Advertising " "	64.62		Seemann & Peters, January issue	11.37
		85.82	Postage for Exchanges by K. Oppermann	.28
			Total disbursements	$ 83.15
			Balance in bank	155.55
Total to account for....		$238.70	Total	$238.70

Circulation Manager's Report for January Issue.

Copies printed	600		$21.50	Received cash sales	$21.50
Cash sales		215	$21.50	Received credit sales	15.20
Credit sales		174	17.40	Due Dec. delinquents	1.50
Advertisers		60			$38.20
Exchanges		70			
Comps		60			
Subscriptions		3			
Copies per editor.....		5			
Copies on hand.....		13			
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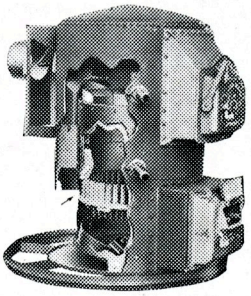

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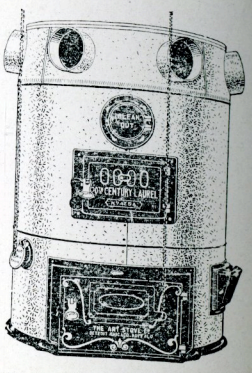

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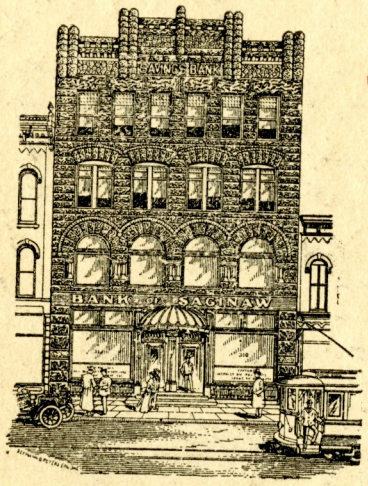

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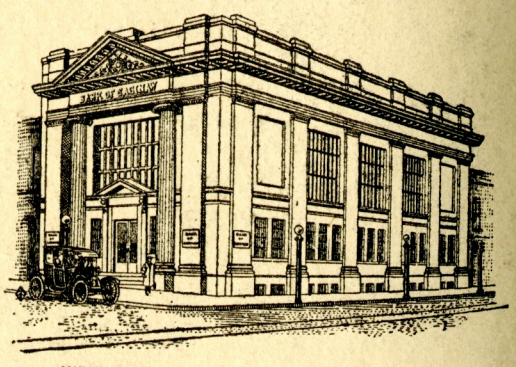

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